

Morning Radio

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Summary: Every once and a while I hear a song on the radio that makes me think of RWBY and decided to turn them into one-shots. Various pairings and a whole range of characters will show up! Chapter 1: April MonCon. We always remember the first time we meet someone. Don't we? Are you sure? Story telling with Qrow. Characters Qrow Branwen, Winter Schnee. Tags will update.

Morning Radio

Author's Note: Woo! This week has been a goodish week. Work turned less stressful, the weather went back down to the proper cold and rainy, and I got a lot of writing done.

So this is my first story for my compilation. Sometimes I hear a song and it makes me think of some RWBY characters and a situation. The resulting story may not even follow the song, but they were inspired by it.

This one is for the April Reddit MonCon! Revolving around Qrow and storytelling!

Song: You're Going Down - Sick Puppies.

Characters: Qrow Branwen, Winter Schnee

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><p>"...and just before exiting, Ironwood holstered his gun, turned back towards the councilman and growled in a gruff voice, 'I'll be back'."<p>

The end of the story elicited a drunken cacophony of laughter from the crowd. Several members of the crowd dropped coins into the cup in front of the storyteller.

"Another whiskey!" The storyteller exclaimed to the bartender.

As the drink was being poured the man turned to face his audience. The bar was a very familiar place to the orator now, as he had been here for most of the day. It was as average as a dive bar could be. The two street side walls consisted of large pane windows that allowed the bar to be lit by naturally by the sun throughout the day. The third wall was solid and had numerous pictures and awards hanging from it, waiting for curious patrons to find out exactly how many years in a row this bar had won 'best something or another' or who the current employee of the month was. The final wall consisted entirely of the wraparound bar where the talkative man now sat. Something seemed out of place, though. He tried to rub the alcohol fueled haze out of his eyes, did the bar always have two jukeboxes?

"You got another story for us, old man?" Someone from the crowd bellowed out.

The man used one of his hands to brush his gray hair out of his face and slick it back, revealing his red eyes. The strength in his eyes belied the rest of his appearance. His simple shirt and pants were composed of faded browns and grays while a long black cloak was mottled with gray as well. His outfit was ratty and weathered, making him look more unkempt like a beggar than the ex-Atlesian soldier he claimed to be. No matter his origins, he did tell a good story. Maybe his eyes did contain the truth, the red tint held more than just strength. Behind that strong front was a wellspring of emotions; amusement, longing, hope, grief, and now, just a hint of anger.

"Don't call me old." He leaned forward and said, his eyes locking onto the offending crowd member as he wobbled slightly in his chair. "But another story!"

The orator paused for a second, taking a deep breath and assuming a thoughtful visage.

"There was that one time I woke up in the forest, half naked and covered in red s—" He shook his head slightly, letting his hair fall back down onto his face "Nah, that's a story for fancy parties."

The crowd in front of him chuckled trying to imagine the responses of aristocrats and socialites being told such a low brow story.

"Come on." Another crowd member spoke up. "You gotta have something fit for us peasants."

More laughter followed.

"Shhhh!" The storyteller responded bringing his forefinger to his lips. His eyes scanned over the heads of the people gathered, seemingly searching for inspiration for a story. "Oh, heh. I know. Let me tell you about the first time I met Winter Schnee."

"You've never met her before!" Someone shouted only to be shushed by another crowd member.

"Hmph. Everyone's a critic." The man started. "So there I was in the forest, alone, half-naked, and covered in red sap! No, wrong story."

The cloaked man hiccuped and almost lost balance his balance as he shifted on the back two legs of the wooden chair.

"Noâ€|" Another hiccup followed. "Maybe that is the right story. It doesn't matter. The important part doesn't start until after I am all cleaned up and dressed anyways.

"So I had just jumped off the bullhead about 5 kilometers away from my objective, limited intel and only a compass to guide me. Don't ask why, the Atlesian army is a bunch of penny pinchers when it doesn't have anything to do with their damned robots. So after almost two hours of walking through the forest and dodging patrols, I made it to the dissident compound. Now, I am not one of them special Atlesian specialists that specialize in this sort of special operationsâ€|"

The man slurred, trying to grasp the sentence that he just uttered. The crowd stared at him, their looks revealing mild amusement and a hint of confusion. The storyteller gave small shrug and took another long quaff from his drink before continuing.

"So I start looking for a way into the compound. They had guards patrolling everywhere, but no fence. Lucky for me, it being the middle of summer, most of the guards were trying to keep to the shade and it left some rather large gaps in their patrols.

"Now I had to locate a way into the room the intel was in. Turns out, these terrorists were just as much of penny pinchers as the Atlesian military is; no wonder both sides had been at a stalemate for years. As stupidly cliche as it sounds, those idiots left a window open to try to let some air through. Slipping in and getting the intel would be a piece of cake, as long as I kept quiet the guards outside the door wouldn't know what was going on."

"My mission complete, all I had to do was meet up with an Atlesian specialist who was supposed to be recovering more intel from another part of the compound. Once the coast was clear I climbed out the window again and scaled my way onto the roof. I heard a bit of commotion going on in one of the courtyards so I peeked over the edge and what did I see?"

Silence filled the room as the crowd anxiously held their breath and waited for him to continue.

"No, guesses?" The orator asked before he hiccuped and took another drink. "So down in the courtyard, surrounded by troops was this girl, barely in her twenties, pure white hair and had this small toothpick of a sword drawn. I didn't know at that time who she was but she seemed to be in trouble. So I jumped down into the mob of rebels, drew my weapon and took them all out in a matter of seconds. I had just managed to resheathe my own sword, a proper sword, in time to hear the girl gasp 'My hero!'. I turned to look at her just as she swooned, falling into my armsâ€|"

"That isn't what happened, Qrow." A cold voice called from the entrance of the bar, interrupting the story.

Upon hearing the new voice, the crowd turned to inspect the intruder.

"Someone knows how to spoil a story." Qrow joked as he turned to gaze at the entrance of the bar.

Standing, with hands on hips, just inside the door was a tall white haired woman. Clad in a fancy blue and white long sleeve blouse and matching skirt that ended just above the knees, she stared intently across the room at the bedraggled man.

"Hey there, beautiful." Qrow slurred out as the operative attempted to strut her way across the room. Her heels clicked loudly against the floor as she moved with a sense of authority, helping to disperse the people gathered around her target.

"You come here often?" Qrow leered.

Winter scowled in response as she reached the bar and sat next to the huntsman. "Is this the point where I let you buy me a drink?"

"Drink, kiss, same thing." Qrow grinned suggestively at the white haired girl.

"Just give me the package." Winter whispered tersely, trying avoid any prying ears in the area.

It was clear that even in civilian clothing she felt uncomfortable in a dive like this. Qrow made sure to remember that next time he was supposed to make a live intel drop with the Ice Queen.

"Here!" The gray-haired man stated loudly with a smirk as he handed a small shoulder bag to Winter. "Ya left this at my place when you ran out this morning."

"This was supposed to be a discrete exchange." Winter growled back at him. "You could at least act professional."

Qrow leaned in closer to the operative and spoke in a light whisper. "You could have worn a shorter skirt."

Winter's response was quick, knocking the huntsman off his chair and leaving him sprawled out on the ground.

"I can't believe she punched me." Qrow grumbled to himself indignantly as he rubbed his cheek.

As the sharp staccato of heels faded, cut off by the sound of the bar door slamming shut, Qrow pulled himself up off the ground. Quickly resuming his seat at the bar he haphazardly grabbed the drink nearest to him, eliciting a protest from its owner. Downing it in one gulp he spun around in his chair, nearly toppling to the ground again and prepared to launch himself into another story.

"Ya know, that reminds of the second time I met Winter Schnee..."

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><p>Let me know what you thought of the story!

**And thanks to the wonderful Zelindsay for editing this for

me ! * *

End
file.